

## THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

### CHAPTER 796 PLEASURE

Brandon carried Janet into the bedroom and gently placed her on the bed.

He braced himself on top of her and swooped down for a hot, wet kiss. He licked her plump lips, sucking and teasing, before slipping his tongue inside to dance along with hers.

Janet fell into the kiss in a daze. She reflexively wrapped her arms around his shoulders and returned his passion in her own soft way.

She was panting before long. She pushed him lightly to catch her breath, but Brandon was ravishing her again in the next second, as if he could never get enough of her taste. Helpless against his onslaught, Janet felt her saliva dribble down the corner of her

mouth.

The sight of it flamed Brandon's desire even more. He quickly shifted and lapped it up before it disappeared down her jaw.

He trailed kisses back up to her lips and pressed his forehead against hers. "I want to feel your hands on me," he rasped.

Janet blinked up at him, still reeling from everything he had just done with his mouth. Her heart was hammering violently inside her chest. When she finally made sense of his words, she immediately arched up to him, her soft breasts flush against his hard, broad chest. Her hand stroked the length of his abdomen, then slipped into his trousers.

His cock was already rock hard and throbbing with need. It felt hot to the touch, and Janet felt that

warmth course through her entire body.

Brandon held her face and leaned her in for another torrid kiss. When he pulled back, his gaze fell on her cleavage, his eyes flashing at the twin alabaster globes heaving beneath the silk fabric of her underwear.

He made quick work of undressing himself, and then her. With their clothes out of the way, he wasted no time sliding his hand between her thighs. Her folds were slick and wet, a testament to her desire.

Brandon held her knees and spread her legs wider.

He guided his cock to her slit and buried himself to the hilt with a single thrust. They both trembled at the sensation that followed, and Janet let out a small cry of pain. She could feel him stretching her insides to an almost unbearable degree.

Brandon clutched her waist and pumped in and out of her, even as she clamped tightly around her cock. Soon, the slight pain she felt turned into utter, violent bliss.

Janet closed her eyes and bit her lower lip to stifle the lewd sounds she was making.

But Brandon wanted to hear them. He wanted her to moan and whimper with need as she writhed against him. As though to punish her for depriving him of these, he picked up his pace and plunged himself deeper. She accommodated him well enough, as she had grown so wet that her juices were flowing down her inner thighs.

Brandon snaked an arm around Janet's waist, while the other came up her back and gripped her shoulder. He held her close, her nipples brushing against his

chest as her body lurched with the force of his fucking.

Just when it felt like it would never end, Brandon felt her grip tighten around his cock, and within seconds, he was emptying his lust into her greedy depths.

As soon as she felt his hot seeds pour inside her, Janet reached a climax so intense, it left her shaking for minutes after the fact.

Completely spent, she fell back on the bed and lay on her side, barely even able to lift a finger.

Brandon spooned her from behind without pulling out of her pussy. He wrapped his arms loosely around her waist, his hands already roving around her hips.

"No, wait... Slow down," Janet begged, unable to take any more of his amorous torment.

Brandon cupped her breasts and gently kneaded them. "Is this slow enough?" he teased. "Are you sure you'll be satisfied with this?"

Janet groaned at the pleasure that was slowly building at the pit of her belly. She could already feel herself creaming with anticipation again. It was all the invitation Brandon needed, and he reinstated his full length back inside her. Janet's back arched involuntarily, her breasts pushing against his huge palms.

Brandon held her tightly as he thrust into her without mercy, repeatedly taking her to endless highs with his ruthless lovemaking.

Every time they had sex, he deviated from his usual refined and distant manner, and turned into a beast with a seemingly bottomless lust for Janet.

He didn't stop until the sheets were an absolute mess. By then, Janet was so tired that she couldn't even keep her eyes open. Her arm fell limply over the edge of the bed, her disheveled hair splayed on the pillow. Her thighs were splattered with cum, with strands of it still dangling between her folds and the tip of Brandon's cock.